

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 75 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

W. A. Cochran & Son,

Dealers in Groceries,
Grain and Hay.

'PHONE 364.

San Angelo, Texas.

C. C. NEELEY

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NEELEY BROS.,

(Successors to Jackson & Neeley Bros.)

Corner West of Landon Hotel Site.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Grain and all Kinds of Feedstuffs

++++We Buy Hides, Furs, Pecans, Etc.

TRAINING SCHOOL

For Boys and Girls.

A Christian school ideally located. There are five buildings with study hall and separate boarding departments for boys and girls. Full corps of teachers and thorough training given. The course of work extends from the Kindergarten through the High School branches, including the special schools of Music, Art, Elocution, Violin, Voice, Physical Training and a Business Course. Students under direct care of the principal. School opens September 7. Catalogue sent on request.

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CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN \$100,000.00.

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Interest Paid on Deposits.

Exchange Free to Customers.

The Landon National Bank,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS,

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE.

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CICERO SMITH.

The Queen of Ft. Concho

A. B. C. in Southwest Texas.

An old man with silvery locks stood on the banks of the beautiful Concho, where the great power house is located, which furnishes water and light to the city of San Angelo.

I was waiting for the afternoon eastbound train, and to pass the time away, strolled down to where he was. The first frost had fallen and a few leaves were drifting along on the bosom of the rippling waters. Now and then a peacock would fall from the swaying limbs overhead, and go plump into the stream. It was a picture of autumn, of those melancholy days which are the saddest of the year.

As I approached, the old gentleman said "good morning!" in a kindly manner. After saluting him we drifted in a conversation. He said: "No, I don't live here, only in memory. My home is far away where the Wash winds its blue waters through the cold soil of the north. Thirty-three years ago I was a soldier in Fort Concho. Ah, how time speeds by as it on the wings of an eagle! I was a young man then; my life was full of hope. Now I am old and feeble, and yet it seems as but yesterday."

The tears began rolling from his pale blue eyes, and I sat down near the bank of the stream and thumped pebbles into the water while he talked on.

"Yes," he continued, "one moonlight night, thirty-three years ago I was right here, and she—the morning star of my life was with me. West Texas was not very well civilized then. The Indians made occasional raids, and ever and anon some good man was left stiff and stark for the wolves to prey on. But I was not scared. I loved Maggie and she loved me, and we thought but little of danger."

It was in the middle of May. A severe thunderstorm raged in the forenoon and some rain had fallen, but the sun sank behind the Twin Mountains to the west without a cloud to veil it. The evening cannon sent its ringing echo up and down the river, and Old Glory, which floated from a great pole in the center of the parade grounds, was lowered for the night.

Maggie and I came down here for a boat ride. On the way we gathered some little wild flowers. I never saw a prettier night. The full moon came up out of the east and sprayed the rippling waters with its silvery ray. The mocking birds sang sweet songs to one another from the tree tops above, and the soft zephyrs that kissed our brows, were cool and as fragrant as the dew-laden breezes from a Florida orange in blossom.

I was happy, no bird of paradise could have been happier. We talked of love. Our courting days began away back in Indiana, before her father was transferred to the Department of Texas, but the longer we were together the better I loved her. And while time may rob me of my youth and vigor; while it may to some extent destroy my memory, I never have and never shall forget how sweet she looked, with her eyes cast down on the little bouquet of wild flowers that she held in her hands. It has been my opportunity to see many of the grand pictures made by the world's famous artists. But Maggie, poor, lost darling! I have never seen anything half so sweet, or half so pretty.

We talked on, so full of life, yet near the abyss of death. In an instant there was a mighty roar of water up the river. I knew what it meant and turned the boat to the bank. I struggled with superhuman strength. But in vain. That wall of angry water rushed upon us, the boat capsize and we were separated—yes separated forever. I made wild and desperate lunges towards her, but my God! each time the cruel waves carried her farther away. I saw her face once in the bright moonlight; she seemed to smile and say good-by. I never gave up, but fought with the mad waters until they carried me out on the bar—but she, poor, precious darling, was in eternity.

It was many days later when I came to myself in that hospital up yonder. For two months I wrestled with brain fever, and the first time I was able to collect my thoughts I begged God to let me die. Another world held my precious Maggie, and I wanted to go there too. But my request was not granted. Whenever I

closed my eyes I could see the angry waters carrying her away. And when at last I would doze off to sleep, I would hear her voice in the Choir Invisible of Heaven, singing sweet songs around the Throne of God.

The balmy spring days passed; the May flowers gave their beauty to the summer's sultry sun. It was July—the close of a long, hot day. And I went out for my first little walk. I was yet weak, but I strolled out to the target grounds and back to the graveyard. There I found the little mound that held my life and love. I had no blossoms to place upon it, but I dampened the soil with tears from my heart and went away lonely and broken hearted.

Not long after that my company was ordered west. I did several years service in Nevada and Wyoming, fighting the red men. And when my army days were over I returned to the north and made a fortune. But the waters that swept over "the Queen of Ft. Concho" swept every charm from life for me, and I came back here, after thirty-three years, the same wretched, forlorn creature. I wanted to place a monument over Maggie's grave, but I can find no trace of it.

I am getting old now; just a few more trials, just a few more tears, and God will call me home. Then I can meet my darling face to face, across the rolling Jordan, when no angry waves will upset the golden boat on which we shall sail together through eternity."

The town clock over in San Angelo struck twelve. I bade the old gentleman good-by and went to my dinner. Three hours later I was aboard the train rushing towards St. Louis, thinking of a good time and the grand sights of the fair. But somehow I could not forget the stranger I met that morning, and I was deeply impressed with his heroic devotion to the memory of the woman he truly loved.

The Post Office's New Location.

Work is being done on the Landon building preparatory to the installation of the new post office. Postmaster Blanchard has arranged his plans for the new place. The lobby will be very convenient for the general public and the work room will afford the office force a very comfortable place.

On the left will be the postmaster's private office, then, in order, the money order and registry windows.

Directly facing the doorway will be the general delivery window. On the right a row of lock boxes. Two doors will open from the lobby into the inner rooms. One on the left to the postmaster's office, another on the right for the clerk's entrance.

The moving of the postoffice marks the beginning of a new era in the postoffice affairs for San Angelo. The business has outgrown its infancy and may now be considered full grown. Things will be departmentized and the affairs of the office conducted on the same scale as those of the offices of larger cities. There will not be the all-together working plan, but each man will have his own duties and attend to them and to them alone. All of which is but an indication of the wonderful growth of San Angelo and her interests. Business has grown to the proportions where a larger postoffice is necessary. The revenue of the office is up into the figures where all that is necessary to the obtaining of free delivery is making proper preparations for such and asking for it. Whenever the people of San Angelo are ready for free delivery they can have it. They of course have something to do besides ask. They know what these things are. They have been repeatedly told in these columns. The matter rests with them and will come at their will.

Contractors Ogle and Willeke are working on the new location. When they have finished the new furniture will be installed and the office will be moved about February 1, 1905.

Herb W. Edwards Injured.

Herb W. Edwards, of Des Moines, Iowa, got a fall on an icy walk last winter, spraining his wrist and bruising his knees. "The next day," he says, "they were so sore and stiff I was afraid I would have to stay in bed, but I rubbed them well with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications all soreness had disappeared." For sale by all druggists.

MRS. WILL SALTER'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC

New England Conservatory Course Piano, Harmony, Musical History and Theory. Studio at Dr. Buchanan's residence. 41tf

ON GETTING TOUCHED

Some Good, Sound Advice In the Matter of Granting and Refusing Favors

From "Old Gorgon Graham; More Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers.

It's a mighty curious thing, but a lot of men who have no claim on you and who wouldn't think of asking for money will panhandle both sides of a street for favors that mean more than money. Of course it's the easy thing and the pleasant thing not to refuse, and, after all, most men think it doesn't cost anything but a few strokes of the pen, and so they will give a fellow that they wouldn't ordinarily play on their friends as a practical joke a nice sloppy letter of introduction to them or hand out to a man that they wouldn't give away as a booby prize a letter of recommendation in which they crack him up as having all the qualities necessary for an A1 Sunday school superintendent and bank president.

Now that you are a boss you will find that every other man who comes to your desk is going to ask you for something; in fact, the difference between being a sub and a boss is largely a matter of asking for things and of being asked for things. But it's just as one of those poets said—you can't afford to burn down the glue factory to stimulate the demand for glue stock, or words to that effect.

Of course I don't mean by this that I want you to be one of those fellows who swell out like a ready-made shirt and brag that they "never borrow and never lend." They always think that this shows that they are sound, conservative business men, but as a matter of fact it simply stamps them as mighty mean little cusses. It's very superior, I know, to say that you never borrow, but most men have to at one time or another, and then they find that the never-borrow-never-lend platform is a mighty inconvenient one to be standing on. Be just in business and generous out of it. A fellow's generosity needs a heap of exercise to keep it in good condition, and the hand that writes out checks gets cramped easier than the hand that takes them in. You want to keep them both limber.

While I don't believe in giving with a string tied to every dollar or doing up a gift in so many conditions that the present is lost in the wrappings, it's a good idea not to let most people feel that money can be had for the asking. If you do, they're apt to go into the asking business for a living. But these millionaires who give away a hundred thousand or so with the understanding that the other fellow will raise another hundred thousand or so always remind me of a lot of boys chasing a dog into their yard with a hunk of meat so that they can tie a tin can to his tail.

Getting a Line on Men.

You can tell a whole lot about your men from the way in which they come in and the way in which they go home, but because a fellow is in the office early it doesn't always mean that he's panting to begin work. It may mean that he's been out all night. And when you see a fellow poring over his books after the others have quit it doesn't always follow that he's so wrapped up in his work that he can't tear himself away from it. It may mean that during business hours he had his head full of horse racing instead of figures and that he's staying to chase up the 30 cents which he's out in his balance. You want to find out which.

The extra poor men and the extra good men always stick their heads up above the dead level of good enough men—the first to holler for help and the second to get an extra reach. And when your attention is attracted to one of these men follow him up and find out just what sort of soil and fertilizer he needs to grow fastest. It isn't enough to pick likely stock; you've got to plant it where the conditions are right to develop its particular possibilities. —From "Old Gorgon Graham; More Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer.

Constipation.

Health is absolutely impossible, if constipation be present. Many serious cases of liver and kidney complaint have sprung from neglected constipation. Such a deplorable condition is unnecessary. There is a cure for it. Herbine will speedily remedy matters. C. A. Lindsay, P. M., Bronson, Fla., writes Feb. 12, 1902: "Having used Herbine, I find it a fine medicine for constipation." 50c a bottle. Sold by Central drug store.

Gamblers Routed.

The way of the transgressor is rough and rocky in Sheriff Kirk's territory. He broke into two poker games, this week, bagging about a dozen of the boys, who plead guilty and anted up a neat little fine in the Justice court. This is the first gambling that has come to light in Ballinger in a long while, and Mr. Kirk says he will spend his time and money to put an end to it.—Ballinger Ledger.

—When you want a pleasant physic try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver tablets. They are easy to take and produce no griping or other unpleasant effect. Sold by all druggists.

Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable
of Tom Green Co., Greeting:

Oath having been made as required by law you are hereby commanded to summon the unknown heirs of Ferdinand Mund deceased, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 51st Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 51st Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Tom Green County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in San Angelo, on the 4th Monday in December A. D. 1904 the same being the 26th day of December A. D. 1904, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 11th day of October A. D. 1904 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1441, wherein George B. Rappleye is Plaintiff, and The unknown heirs of Ferdinand Mund, deceased, are Defendants, and said petition alleging that on the 1st day of September, 1904 he was lawfully seized and possessed of the following described tract of land, situated in Tom Green County, Texas, to-wit: 320 acres, more or less, being the whole of Survey No. 261 in the name of Ferdinand Mund, made by virtue of Fisher & Miller's Colony Certificate No. 296, of the third class and patented to the heirs of Ferdinand Mund, deceased by Patent No. 1179, Volume 9, dated March 6th, 1856. That on the said 1st day of September, 1904 Plaintiff was in actual possession of said tract of land and was lawfully entitled to said possession and on said date Defendants unlawfully entered upon said premises and forcibly ejected Plaintiff therefrom and now withhold from Plaintiff the possession of said land to Plaintiff's damage, \$2,000.00.

That the title of Plaintiff to said land is evidenced by deeds duly recorded, coupled with actual and adverse possession of said land under the Statutes of 5 and 10 years limitation.

Herein fail not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, Ed Duggan, Clerk of the District Court of Tom Green County.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in San Angelo, this 11th day of October A. D. 1904.
[SEAL] Ed DUGGAN,
Clerk District Court, Tom Green County.
By JAS. B. KEATING, Deputy.
41-9t

No Poison in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

From Napier New Zealand, Herald: Two years ago the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales, Australia, had an analysis made of the cough medicines that were sold in that market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, made by the Chamberlain Medicine Company, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A. The absence of all narcotics makes this remedy the safest and best that can be had; and it is with a feeling of security that any mother can give it to her little ones. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is especially recommended by its makers for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Stage Driver Killed.

John Kirkpatrick, driver of a stage running between Brady and Menardville, was fatally injured in a runaway accident last Saturday. When about twelve miles from Menardville his team became unmanageable and ran away, throwing him from the vehicle and dragging him for a considerable distance along the road. He was taken to his home where he expired Monday.—Ballinger Ledger.

When You Have a Bad Cold

You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief but effect a permanent cure. You want a remedy that will relieve the lungs and keep expectoration easy. You want a remedy that will counteract any tendency toward pneumonia. You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these requirements and for the speedy and permanent cure of bad colds stands without a peer. For sale by all druggists.